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Fictional Narrative
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Mexico State park, the surf crashing leaving white bubbles on the beach. I flapped my wings feeling cramps inside and burped a stench. I don't want my kids to have those darn parasites. I flew high, I flew low, I flew right, and I circled left, I saw no milkweed on the beach.

I flew south above West Cliff Drive, "Neeeyooow" I remembered just missing the windshield of the tall white truck, unfortunately my weak buddy splattered to the window. I flew on alone going east on swift street looking for the orange blooms of a tropical milkweed.

I was still flying but I couldn't find tropical milkweed anywhere. I wanted to find this plant so my kids would be healthy, plus I wanted to be a good mother. But in the distance, I can see a plant that looks like a tropical milkweed. Finally, I found a tropical milkweed plant. Now my kids will be healthy.

I landed on the plant and got comfortable. I tried to find a good spot, but I had to be patent. Finally I found a good spot to lay my eggs. When my kids hatch they will start to eat the plant, but the plant has cardenolides that kill parasites. I had laid my eggs and left.